IT·IS·NOT·THE·WILL·OF·YOUR FATHER·WHICH·IS·IN·HEAVEN·

THE CHILD AT HOME.

·THAT·ONE·OF·THESE·LITTLE ·ONES·SHOULD·PERISH·

VOL. XIII. No. 10.] PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. [OCTOBER, 1872.

AT THE WELL.

AT THE WELL.

DID you ever notice how much is said about wells in the Bible? Isaac dug wells, and the fact is recorded. "Uzziah built towers, and digged wells." Isaiah speaks of wells of salvation; and St. Peter, wishing to describe false teachers in as dark terms as possible, spoke of them as "wells without water."

There are ever so many other places where wells are mentioned. Think of it, when you read the Bible. Why, do you think, are they spoken of so much? I have read, in a book called "Help to the Reading of the Bible," that it is because "in those hot countries, where water is so scarce, a well, or fountain of living or running water, is a possession of inestimable value." "Moses, magnifying the Divine bounty to the children of Israel, among other peculiar blessings, reckons up, not only great and goodly cities which they builded not, but wells likewise digged which they digged not."

Now a well is a good thing to have in our land, though we never suffer as the people in some countries do for a want of water. Think how nice a cool draught of well-water was last summer, if you had one! Look at the pretty picture on this page. How the sheep do enjoy the water! The little girls seem to like it too. What a blessing water is! Let us be thankful for it.

Y.

FATHER KNOWS BEST.

YES, and mother too, if they are God-fearing people. If not, your heavenly Father knows best, and if you study the Bible, and pray, will guide you up to a useful and honorable manhood.

A good minister, now dead, gave this short motto as a guide to his Sabbath-school at a children's meeting, and a good guide it proved to more than one boy and girl for years after.

When Joe Allen whistled under Tom Reynolds' window for him to slip out at the back door, and join some bad boys in mischief, he had just puckered up his lips to return the whistle, and had his hand reached out for his cap, when he remembered his father's words the week before, as he met him on the way home from school with the boys: "Tom, keep clear of that Allen boy. I don't like his face."

Some boys would have said, "It's real mean! pa never likes any of my friends," and either followed the whistle out the back door, or sulked all the evening.

Tom was just about as heedless as other boys, but his good angel guided him this time. He washed his hands, and brushed his hair, not any too thoroughly, and went down-stairs. He found his little three-year-old sister ready for a frolic on the back piazza, and smelled his favorite strawberry short-cake cooking in the kitchen, and soon forgot Joe's whistle. A new book of hunting adventures, which his father gave him after supper, filled his evening with enjoyment until early bed time, so that he forgot the unexplained "prime fun" which Joe had promised him, until he was ready for bed.

The next night, when the news came out that "three boys, sons of our most respectable citizens, had been arrested for stealing knives, and fishing materials, and other articles from Smith and Blake's store," how glad Tom felt that he had refused to answer Joe's whistle.

A few days later, when Joe suddenly went off to sea, and the others to a distant military school, Tom felt more sure than ever that *Father knows best*.

It sometimes takes years to find out the truth of this motto, as bad companions are often very agreeable, and sinful ways delightful for a little while.

Your father has been over the same road of temptation, and knows its dangers. He may, perhaps, warn you harshly, or command you sternly, but, believe me, — *Father knows best*.

Read the first chapter of Proverbs, and see how tenderly and solemnly your heavenly Father rebukes, warns, and entreats you to avoid evil company.

If you are without pious parents, you are not without a Father's counsel, love, and protection. He says, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." In choosing your companions, amusements, and business; in all the decisions and perplexities of your young life, turn a deaf ear to Satan, and remember, — *Father knows best*.

M. E. W.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

TYPES AND SHADOWS.

JUST heard one of my little girls studying a hymn, and she was repeating, over and over, the words, —

"Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law" —

and I wondered if she knew what "types and shadows" meant. I am afraid she does not know what "ceremonial" means. The hymn is a sweet one, and the words of Jesus, "It is finished," are at the top of it. You know that is what Jesus said when He died on the cross, and this hymn tells us of many things that were finished. The "types and shadows of the ceremonial law" were among the things that were finished. Finished means ended — brought to an end.

Did you ever see a type? You have seen many shadows, I know. The words in this paper are printed from types. Every letter is made by a type. The type is not exactly like the letter, but looks like the letter reversed. I do not think you could read from types.

I have just looked into my big commentary to see what that says about Bible types, but its words are so hard that I cannot repeat them to you. It says that the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham was a type of the sacrifice of Christ. It showed beforehand what was to be done. The two events were very much alike, were they not? And yet they were not exactly alike. So a type in the Bible is something that is very much like something else that came afterwards.

When these words are printed, the types are not needed by me, and I can say, I have finished my use of them. So, when Jesus had been offered, the type of it, which was the sacrifice of Isaac, was not needed, was it? In other words, it was finished.

We all know what the shadow of an object is. It is often not so much like the object as a type is like its letter. So in the tenth chapter of Hebrews the sacrifices of the Old Testament are said to be shadows of the sacrifice of Christ. When that had been made they were no longer needed, but were "finished," as the hymn says. They were not so much like the sacrifice of Christ as the offering of Isaac was.

Now, what is the "ceremonial law?" It was the law of Moses. Don't you remember how many ceremonies were made necessary by it? There were washings of pots, and sprinkling of blood, and I don't know how many other things, that were only important because God commanded them, and because they stood for something else, or showed how God loves purity. Well, the law that commanded these things is called the ceremonial law.

If you will look at the second chapter of Colossians you will see that St. Paul calls these things shadows of things to come, and he says in another place that the law is finished,' since Christ has come.

THE circulation of *Apples of Gold*, our little weekly for the youngest readers, is increasing very rapidly. It appears to have met a want in Sunday-schools, and in many of them every member of the Infant class is regularly supplied with a copy. The *N. Y. Methodist* said of it: "No publication in America is more beautiful, and the quality of the reading matter corresponds with the fairness of the exterior."

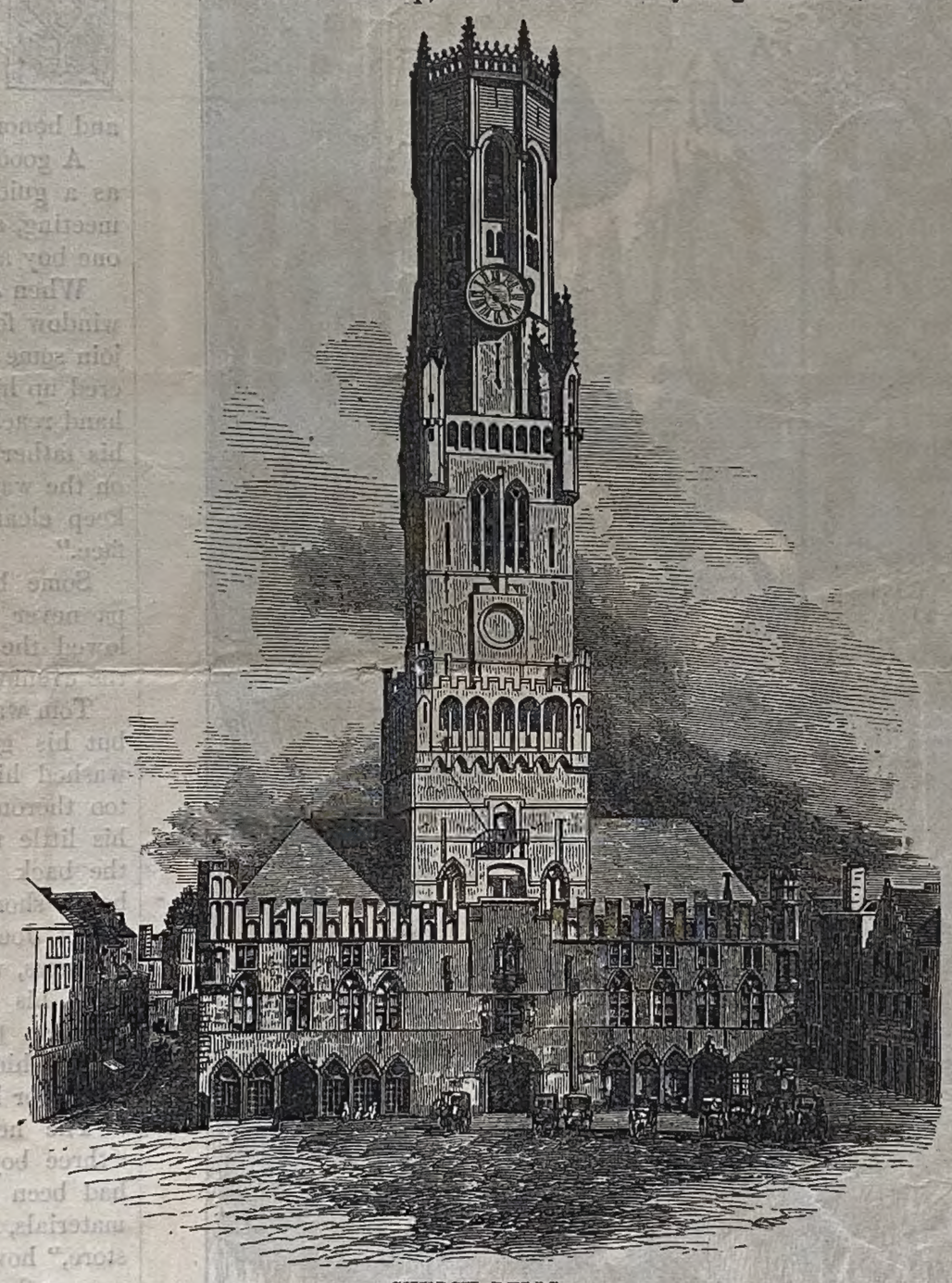
THE NEW YEAR: THE NATIONAL FAMILY ALMANAC, for 1873, is a great improvement over the number for 1872. We know every family will be pleased to have a copy. It costs twenty cents. The calculations are made for New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans. Send for a copy.

JESSIE.

BY CHARLOTTE GREY.

THIS little girl was an invalid, and had been such from her birth. In her suffering and loneliness she could recall no pleasant excursions in woods or mountains; no long rambles by meadow brooks; no search for wild flowers in their forest home. Days and nights of pain and weariness had been her lot, and her years had passed so slowly that at thirteen she seemed old.

In her life there had been no childhood with its careless mirth and happiness, but she had glided from infancy to womanhood in her feelings. Sometimes, indeed, in sleep, she seemed to be young and strong like other girls, with no aching back and weary limbs to remind her that she was a cripple.



CHURCH BELLS.

But to-day she could see only bitter drops in her cup of life, as the gentle breeze came in through the open window, telling of woodland pleasures which she might never expect to enjoy. No wonder, poor little Jessie, things look dark; but keep a brave heart, for God is better than you think, and even this wearisome day shall not pass without one gleam of joy for you.

A tap at the door, and without waiting for an answer, in steps her brisk little neighbor, Mrs. Hastings, with a carefully covered basket on her arm.

"Now, Jessie, what *do* you think I have brought for you to nurse? The least desirable kind of a pet, I'm afraid you'll think; but here it is, a chicken with a broken leg. If you can make it well again, yours it shall be, and thanks to no one but yourself for it either."

A chicken for her own! How fortunate she was! No matter if it was lame; so was she, and could love it all the more for that very reason. So when Mrs. Hastings saw the happy light in Jessie's eyes, she went home, with no doubts for the chicken's welfare, and glad enough to give the little girl something to think of besides her own wretched self.

Jessie, now left alone with her pet, directed all her thoughts and efforts to relieve its suffering. Laying it carefully on a bed of cotton, she covered it over so soft and warm, that chickie went to sleep as soundly as if it had been under its mother's wing. By and by a faint little "Peep!" "Peep!" came from the basket, and in a minute two bright, black eyes looked out from the folds of cotton, straight into Jessie's face, as if asking aid and pity. Such an appeal could not be resisted; their common affliction was the strongest link of sympathy between the two sufferers, and much pain had made tender this little girl's heart for all misery. Therefore, slowly lifting her charge, she talked to it as soothingly as a mother might have done to a fretful child, till the black eyes closed again in another nap.

But chickie had no idea of being buried alive all day, and raised such loud objections, that it was finally necessary to yield, and let it try its strength for walking. The trial was soon over, for the broken leg was powerless to support, and the poor thing sank helpless upon its side. Jessie, by no means discouraged, kept patiently at work, applying remedy after remedy, and putting it in the healing sunbeams, till at last it went hopping around the room on one leg as fast as an ordinary chick could go on two.

Gradually strength came, and before many days had passed, it was able just to touch the floor with the disabled foot, and then to step upon it in a manner very gratifying to its nurse. How Jessie watched her pet, talked to it as to a companion of her own age, and really loved it more than she would have confessed. On bright sunny days, with the chicken in her arms, she would creep to the doorstep and there remain for hours, no longer lonely and despondent, for with this new charge to engage her thoughts, a ray of cheerfulness had shone into her life, which was slowly restoring the light to her eyes and the roses to her cheeks.

One day as she thus sat, she thought how strange that her chicken should be all the dearer for having been lame and helpless at first, and that every anxious care, and every effort put forth in its behalf had only made her love it more. She wondered if she was dearer to her mother for being a cripple; she had never, like other daughters, been a help to her, saving her many weary steps, but on the contrary had required so much care and attention.

Now how ungrateful appeared her life, repaying all this kindness with sighs and groans, and how trifling seemed her labors spent upon her pet, in comparison with the many years of thoughtful watching devoted to herself. Jessie was beginning to learn the lesson long ago taught her by her mother; that her duty was to patiently suffer; that while her companions were permitted to take an active part in the world, she was to stay quietly at home, and honor God by submission to his will. Thus it was that her chicken impressed upon her mind this most important of truths, hard to learn and harder yet to practice, that, —

"They also serve
Who only stand and wait."

CHURCH BELLS.

THE sweet poet Cowper wrote, "How soft the music of those village bells!" He was right: bells are sweet, and they please me, especially when I am in a quiet country valley, and hear them ring out a call to worship on a pleasant summer Sunday evening.

Everything is still, and I think, as the bell begins, how the notes go into this house and that, and what effect they have. In many cottages the members of the family all get ready to walk to the chapel. I am thinking of such a chapel now, as I write. I wish I were there! I can see the people walking cheerfully, as they used to do, to the door. I remember their faces. Some have grown older since I saw them. Some of the boys and girls are married; and I think I see a couple of them, now and then, carrying a baby to church! The bell was not there when I was, but it rings now, O, how pleasantly!

But I intended to have talked about the bells in the great tower in the picture, when my mind travelled away to that sweet Green Mountain valley, and I forgot. There are more bells than one in this tower. It is in a land noted for church bells; or rather for "chimes," which are composed of several bells that are rung together. This tower contains the finest chime of bells in the world, I think. It is in Bruges, a city in Belgium, and Mr. Longfellow has written a poem about a visit he made to it once.

There is a chime of bells in a steeple near my house, and it rings very often. On Sunday evening, at about five o'clock, the sweet sounds float into my windows, and I love to hear them. Cowper said: "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds," and I believe it. I do not understand music at all, but I like sweet sounds, and I think they have a great influence on everybody.

What should you think of putting bells on our clothes? That is what was done in Bible times, is it not? Look in the thirty-third verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, and see.

I have never been in Bruges, where the tower in the picture is, but I am told the chimes sound very finely there. Still, I prefer to hear bells among the trees, and in church towers, in the early evening, to any other time or place. The chimes in the Belfry of Bruges ring every hour, by some strange sort of complicated machinery.

L.

IT WILL NOT PAY.

SAMUEL SCREW has more paper, pencils, and marbles than any other boy in school. If a new boy comes to school who has a good knife, it is very probable that before long that knife will be in Sam's pocket. He has traded for it, not always fairly. Sam never does anything for nothing. If he lends his skates, he insists that the boy who takes them shall give him sweetmeats or something else in return. If he does anything at home for his sisters, or even his mother, he wants to be paid.

One snowy morning, some of the boys went and shoveled away the snow for a poor old woman near the school-house, who had no one to help her. When Sam heard of it, he asked, "What did she give you?"

"What did you suppose we wanted?" said Harry.

But Sam replied, with an air of superior wisdom, that for his part he did not believe in anything that "did not pay."

When he was quite a little boy, he seldom spent his own money; but if any of his brothers and sisters had sweets or cakes, Sam always had his share. He got away the boys' playthings by what he called "bargains." He thought he was "sharp;" and he did not always confine himself to honest dealing. He took advantage of them, and called it "smart;" nay, he even looked down on those who were kind and generous, and called them "silly," for doing what "does not pay."

As he grew older, he was sent to a school of big boys. Here he managed to get any lad who was short of money to be his debtor. He was ready to lend on the promise of good interest; and when the unhappy debtor least expected it, Sam would produce his account-book, and claim of the foolish youth a higher interest for credit than he looked for. That was the way to "make it pay," so he said, whilst he looked on with a grin of satisfaction at the confusion of the debtor.

And was this really the way to obtain gain? Certainly it did not secure the good-will and confidence of his poor dupes. It is true he had more money to show than his playmates. But what else had his conduct earned for him? Did his money make up to him for the dislike which every one felt for him?

There were times when Sam had a feeling that there was something wanting, when he was uncomfortable, and could not exactly tell what ailed him. He would have been glad to have had people love him. Sam knew the teacher did not feel towards him as he did towards the other boys. He thought it was the teacher's fault, not his. He would have been glad to have had his companions respect him as they did Dick, for whom every one had a smile; but he was not willing to pay the price, and make an effort to overcome his covetous temper. Sam remains the same as in former days, but if he does not alter his course, I fear that he will be as mean a man as he is a boy.

If he could only see that his habits "don't pay!" Even if there were nothing but this world to live for, this low selfishness is bad policy, if it were nothing worse. But it *is* much worse. It is walking on a path that leads farther and farther away from God. He who lives to himself alone is more unlike than any other creature to Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

THE SAILS OF A VESSEL.

ONE fine Sunday afternoon Clara and her father were seated on the balcony of a hotel overlooking the sea. They had come to spend a few weeks, and they enjoyed watching the great ocean, the waves of which broke at their feet.

Vessels of all shapes and sizes were sailing before them — some going north, some south, — some lighted up by the sun, others under the shadows of the clouds, but all in movement.

"Father," said Clara, "I never could understand how the wind should drive the vessels in more than one direction at the same time. Look, there are two with their sails filled, and yet one is coming nearer to us, while the other is going away from us."

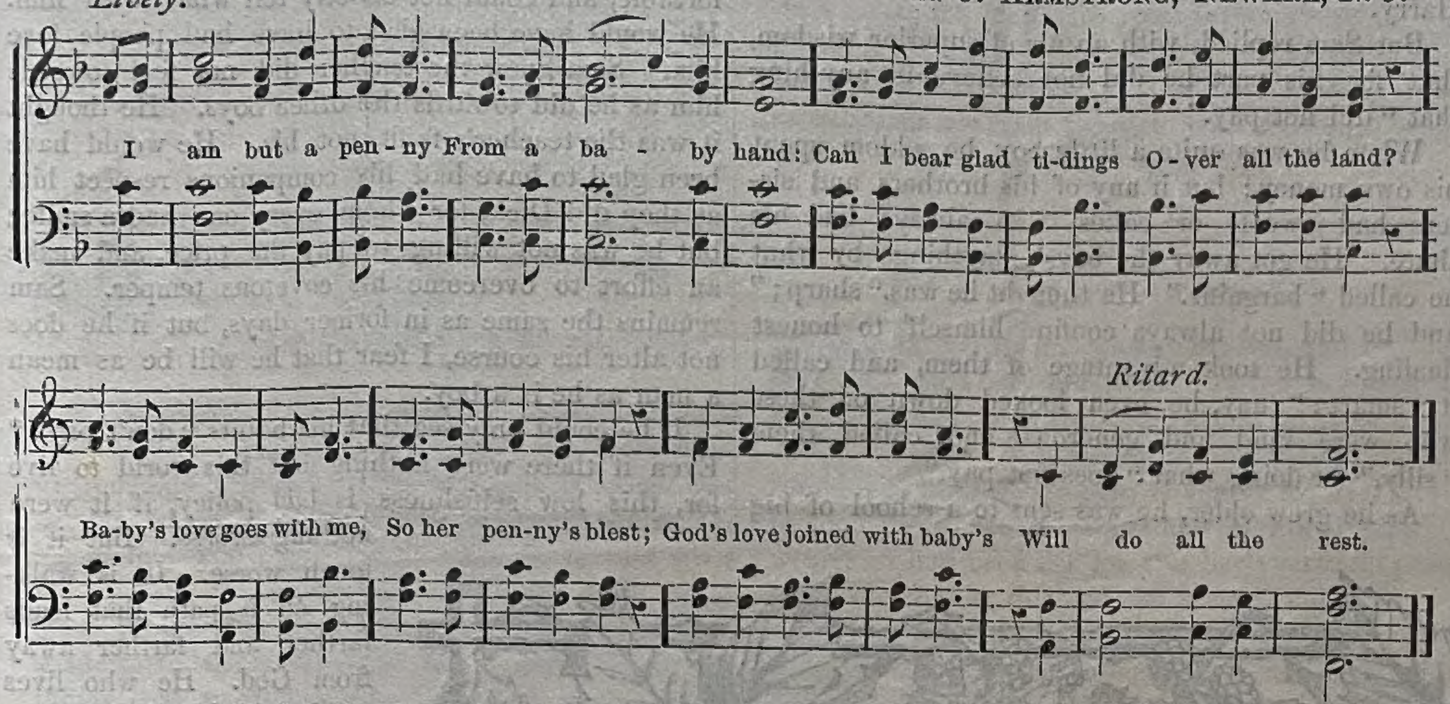
"Everything depends upon the way in which the sails are set," said her father, and he explained the various ways of setting the sails. Clara became very much interested in the directions in which the different vessels in view were sailing, and her father, pleased by her attention, continued: —

"It is just the same with men and their lives in the world. Some are going toward heaven, driven by the same wind that sends others toward ruin. To become rich makes one man generous, and another mean. Sorrow hardens some, and softens others. I have been thinking of poor Fred Merrill, who appeared to learn so much that is bad in the same school in which our Edmund was only taught good."

"I understand now," said Clara; "I remember going to church with one of my friends, and I was much interested in the sermon. I came out of church full of what I had heard, and resolved to practice it. I was astonished when my companion said, 'What a stupid sermon. I thought it would never end!'"

ALSTON.

Lively. A. J. Armstrong, Newark, N. J.



I'm a piece of paper,
  Worth ten cents, they say:
Ah! that boy worked for me,
  Giving up his play;
Digging in the garden,
  Though he longed to run,
Where his young companions
  Joined in joyous fun.

I'm a silver "quarter:"
  Little stitches neat,
And full many an errand
  Run by childish feet,
Earned me very bravely.
  Little girls can do
Noble work for missions,
  When they're good and true.

I'm a bright gold dollar:
  Ah! the child who died
Loved me, 'mid her treasures,
  More than all beside.
One sad mourning mother
  Held me very dear,
And my bright face glistens
  With her parting tear.

Surely God will bless us —
  Some a little "all" —
As into the treasury
  Of the Lord we fall.
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
  Off'rings great and small;
Dropping, dropping, dropping,
  Hear us as we fall!

Lutheran Missionary.

"Yes, my dear," said her father; "the gospel itself saves some, and condemns others. It is a solemn thought that every good we refuse is no good to us. Every warning that we attend to is a benefit; but if it is neglected we only grow hardened in evil. Every gift of God is good if we use it without abusing it. We ought to try to get some good out of every experience we have, and then we shall grow, and be strong."

WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

BY KATE CAMERON.

It is not much that we can give
  In doing good to others:
But we in joy and peace can live,
  With sisters and with brothers;
To playmates all we can be kind,
  And fill their hearts with gladness:
Our parents' wishes we can mind,
  And crown their lives with gladness;

And more than all, we can obey
  The precepts of our Saviour,
And prove our love to Him each day
  By goodness of behavior.
So whether short, or whether long
  The life that is assigned us,
A mem'ry like a pleasant song
  We all may leave behind us.

THREE BIBLE MAIDENS.

I.

A LITTLE maiden, concealed among the bushes on the river-bank, is eagerly watching some object not far away. Soon a noble lady appears: the maiden runs to her, speaks to her earnestly, and then disappears. In a short time she returns with a Hebrew woman, who agrees to serve the royal mistress.

II.

A maiden, far removed from home and friends, is serving as a slave in the family of a great general. Her master is afflicted with a distressing and dangerous illness; in vain he goes to his own doctors to be cured. At last the little slave, gaining courage in her strong desire for her master's recovery, tells him of a distant minister of God, who has done many wonderful works. The general goes to him through the entreaties of his servant, and is healed.

III.

It is late at night; a party of Christians are gathered together, praying for the deliverance of a prisoner very dear to them: among the number is a "damsel," as the Bible calls her. Suddenly, knocking is heard at the gate below: the maiden descends to admit the new comer, but on seeing the very prisoner, for whom those above are praying, in her great joy, she leaves him standing outside the gate, and hastens to report the good news.

Who are these three maidens, an incident in the life of each of whom is given? C. G.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 9, 11, is a woman mentioned by Paul.

My 22, 3, 10, 20, 6, 3, 18, 23, is a sea near which many wonderful works were done.

My 13, 18, 19, 8, is what Solomon is said to have received from Egypt.

My 5, 18, 21, is one of Jacob's sons.

My 23, 12, 16, 3, 18, is a country often mentioned in the Bible.

My 1, 14, 6, 8, 7, 22, is a musical instrument much used in ancient times.

My 15, 16, is a country, where one of the patriarchs dwelt.

My 1, 12, 17, 16, 15, 23, is an island of the Bible.

My 1, 7, 5, 6, 9, 21, is a memorable book.

My 2, 20, 10, 16, 9, 8, is a country of the Bible.

My whole is a command addressed to children.

C. G.

QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC., FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

1. What instrument was used when David brought back the ark of the Lord?

2. With what did Miriam praise the Lord after the passage of the Red Sea?

3. What instruments sounded to call the people to worship the golden image?

4. What quieted Saul in his fits of anger?

5. What did Asaph use when he ministered before the ark of the Lord?

6. What were used by the people at the anointing of King Solomon?

7. Who was the first player on musical instruments?

8. What did Moses use to assemble the people?

BURIED CITIES OF THE BIBLE.

He was disliked because he was so domineering.
Weary of suspense, I rushed to their hiding place.
May this be the last misfortune, which shall befall.
Having decided to go, she nevertheless hesitated.
The Republican, Dilke, dares to express his opinions.
They, being at home, gave us a warm welcome.
Near the narrow and long isle, a dead man was found.
In China, is Shamo, a barren desert.
Before going to his parents he bade us adieu.
When shone the stars I donned my cloak to leave.
This fulfilled the dreaded omen.
They, at length, in safety returned.

My first is the name of one of the prophets.

My second is a woman who received the disciples after their imprisonment.

My third is one of David's places of refuge.

My fourth is a brook or river mentioned in the Old Testament.

My fifth is the father of fifteen sons.

My sixth is one of whom Abraham bought a field.

My seventh is a place where a wicked king caused great weeping.

The initials of the above read downward, and the finals read upward, each give the name of a high-priest.

What place was called the "gate of heaven"?

Who commanded Saul's army?

Who tenderly watched over the bodies of her dead sons?

Who owned the coveted vineyard?

Whom did Paul wish rewarded according to his works?

What name was given by a dying mother to her infant son?

In what city were the people said to be "too superstitious"?

The name of what king signifies "peaceable" or "perfect"?

My whole is an earnest worker for Christ, mentioned in the New Testament. C. G.

OUR JACKY.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

Our Jacky was naughty at dinner one day,
  And nestled about in his seat;
Quite heedless of all that dear Mamma could say,
Our Jacky would chatter, and clamor, and play,
Till finally, Mamma sent Jacky away,
  And *then* he had nothing to eat!

Poor Jacky was sent to the nursery, up-stairs,
  And there did he wearily pine;
For children who wriggle about in their chairs,
And play with the food which the waiter prepares,
Are generally banished, in spite of their prayers,
  While the rest of the family dine.

But dear little creatures, who patiently wait
  Until they are helped to their food, —
Whose voices are low, and their manners sedate, —
Whose fingers are never thrust into their plate, —
Will surely receive, I may fearlessly state
  Whatever is wholesome and good.

WILL YOU HELP US?

In the next number of our paper, we shall announce our Premiums for 1873, and we hope all of our present readers will renew *their* subscription and recommend our paper to their friends; also make a vigorous effort to increase its circulation in their Sunday-school.

If the **BANNER** and **APPLES OF GOLD** are not taken in your vicinity, will you act as our Agent to introduce those papers?

If you cannot canvass for subscribers, please get some *active person* to undertake it for you.

THE CHILD AT HOME

IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

The American Tract Society, Boston.

Terms — Always in Advance.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address	$0 30
Eight " " "	1 00
Forty " " "	5 00
One hundred copies per annum, to one address	12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address	0 50
Ten " " "	4 00
Twenty-five copies, per annum, to one address	7 50

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the *office of delivery*.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper should be addressed to the Editor of The Child at Home, Box 211, Boston.

H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.